

FIGHTING JETS IN ACTION !

Sept-Oct No 5



10¢

CAPTAIN

STEVE SAVAGE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

SENSATIONAL OFFER OF HARD-TO-GET STAMPS!

ALL-DIFFERENT

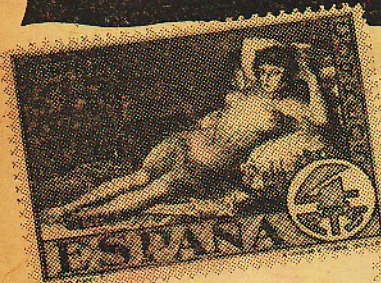
314 STAMPS

GUARANTEED \$7.14 CATALOG VALUE

**SPECIAL IMPORTED COLLECTION
INCLUDES THESE VALUABLE STAMPS & SETS:**

*Yours
for
only*

25¢



GOYA NUDE—Spain shocked the world with this sensational portrait of the Nude Duchess. It's the most famous stamp ever issued—over 23 years old!



STALIN DEATH STAMP—black-bordered portrait of the late ruler of the Soviet world. Issued by a satellite country deep behind the feared Iron Curtain.

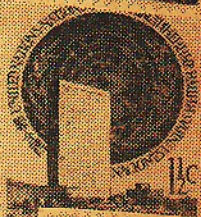


ALBANIA: CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT—famous underground liberation set pictures the 2 great statesmen. For use when Albania is liberated from Communism.

WAR PROPAGANDA SET—unusual British issue—4 exciting action shots to help the war effort.



UNITED NATIONS →
Very first stamp ever issued! An historic item in brilliant mint condition that belongs on page 1 of your stamp album.



YOU ALSO GET hundreds of other fascinating and unusual stamps and sets from all over the world! A grand total of 314 all-different stamps—*guaranteed \$7.14 Catalog Value*—all yours for only 25¢! What a bargain! Why, the Spain Goya Nude stamp alone is worth more than the 25¢ you pay for the entire collection! And just think of the hours upon hours of fun you'll have poring through this giant collection—filling hundreds of blank spaces in your album at the amazing bargain rate of 13 stamps for 1¢.

SUPPLY LIMITED! FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED!

We're making this sensational offer to introduce you to our famous Bargain Approvals—which we'll send you for *free examination*. But hurry! The supply of these bargain packets is necessarily limited—once the stamps shown here are gone, there just won't be any more! So mail coupon **NOW**! If coupon is clipped, send 25¢ direct to:

ZENITH CO., Dept. JY1 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



ALLIED MILITARY GOV'T—unique set jointly issued by U.S.A. and Great Britain for use in Occupied Germany.

FREE! MIDGET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMPS

Our very own Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps (tells you everything you need to know to enjoy this wonderful hobby)—*plus* The Stamp Dictionary (definitions of every term used by collectors)—*plus* The Stamp Identifier (shows you how to identify thousands of foreign stamps)—**ALL included, FREE with Bargain Packet!**



**MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

**ZENITH CO. 81 Willoughby St.,
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.**

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE • Sept.-Oct., 1954, Vol. 1, No. 5 • Formerly **AVON PERIODICALS, INC.**, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Ent. N. Y. on June 4, 1954, under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at plus 15¢ for packing and mailing—total 75¢, elsewhere \$1.50. All with actual persons is intended. Printed in the U. S. A.

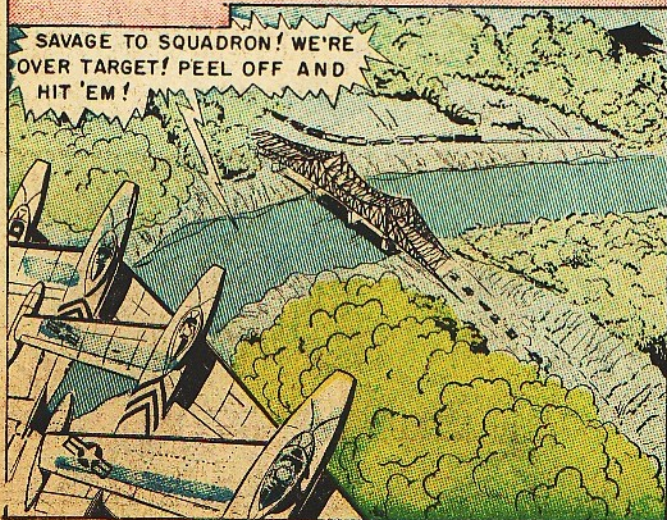
CAPTAIN **STEVE SAVAGE** and his **JET-FIGHTERS**

CHAPTER ONE

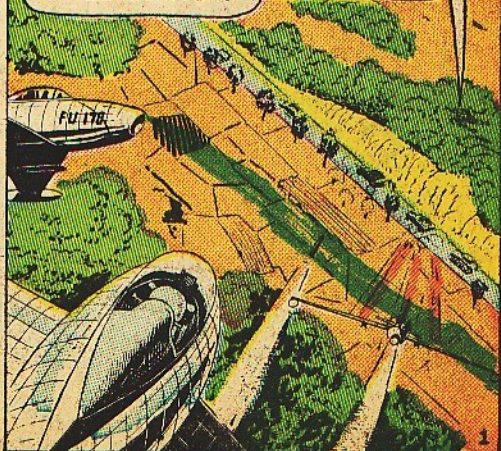
CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS JET-SQUADRON OF SUPERB FIGHTING PILOTS... MATCH THEIR COURAGE AND FABULOUS BATTLE SKILL AGAINST THE OVERPOWERING HORDES OF THE SAVAGE ENEMY

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS FIGHTER-PLANE JET SQUADRON--GO ON A STRAFFING RAID IN ENEMY TERRITORY

SAVAGE TO SQUADRON! WE'RE OVER TARGET! PEEL OFF AND HIT 'EM!

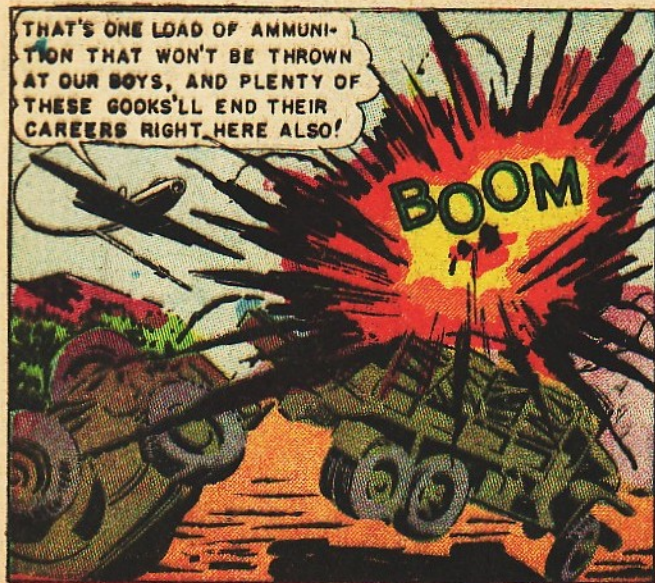


WE CAUGHT 'EM FLAT-FOOTED THIS TIME-- A WHOLE SLEW OF THE GOOKS. MUST BE AN OFFENSIVE COOKING UP. GUESS THAT'S WHY HEADQUARTERS WAS SO ANXIOUS. LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER!



THAT'S ONE LOAD OF AMMUNITION THAT WON'T BE THROWN AT OUR BOYS, AND PLENTY OF THESE GOOKS'LL END THEIR CAREERS RIGHT HERE ALSO!

BOOM

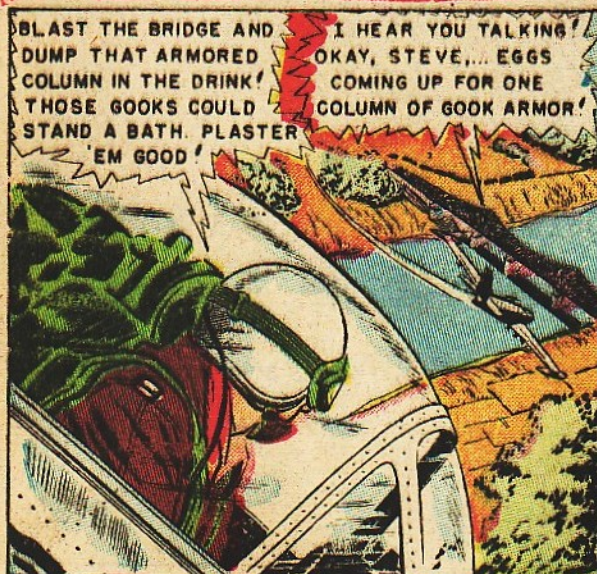


WE'RE REALLY MESSING UP THEIR SCHEDULE. THAT BRIDGE IS TARGET NUMBER TWO. SAVAGE TO 4 AND 8. COME IN, JIMMY, DAN!



BLAST THE BRIDGE AND DUMP THAT ARMORED COLUMN IN THE DRINK! THOSE GOOKS COULD STAND A BATH. PLASTER 'EM GOOD!

I HEAR YOU TALKING! OKAY, STEVE... EGGS COMING UP FOR ONE COLUMN OF GOOK ARMOR!



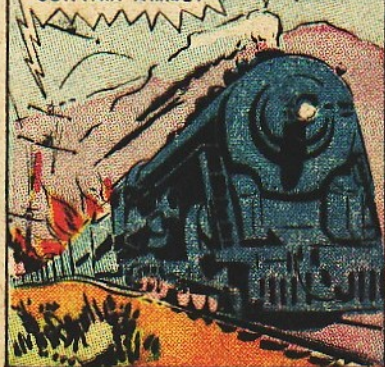
ROCKETS AWAY!

YOU GOOKS BETTER KNOW HOW TO SWIM. YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE A BRIDGE UNDER YOUR FEET MUCH LONGER.



MEANWHILE, STEVE AND THE REST OF THE SQUADRON HAVE SPOTTED A TRAIN, AND...

POUR IT ON 'EM, FELLOWS. CONCENTRATE ON THOSE LAST THREE CARS. I THINK THEY CONTAIN AMMO!



YOU CALLED IT, STEVE! THERE SURE WAS AMMO ON THAT TRAIN!





THE GOOKS SHOULD BE KEPT BUSY AWHILE CLEANING UP THAT MESS. I...? OH, COMPANY ON ITS WAY!



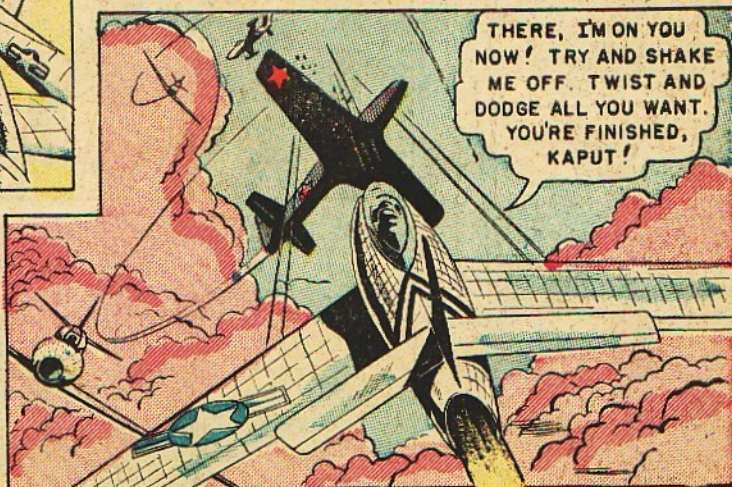
SAVAGE TO SQUADRON. UNLIMBER YOUR GUNS, WE'VE GOT COMMIE JETS ON OUR TAIL. PREPARE FOR ACTION!

THEY LOOK LIKE BRAND NEW YAKS, STEVE, AND THEY OUTNUMBER US. WE'RE IN FOR A BATTLE!

THE COMMIE YAKS COME OUT OF THE SKY IN SCREAMING POWER DIVES, THEIR GUNS HAMMERING VICIOUSLY!



WOW! THEY'RE FAST ALL RIGHT! BUT, THE BABE THAT'S PICKED ME FOR A TARGET, OVERSHOT THE MARK! IT'S GOING TO COST HIM HIS LIFE!



THERE, I'M ON YOU NOW! TRY AND SHAKE ME OFF. TWIST AND DODGE ALL YOU WANT. YOU'RE FINISHED, KAPUT!

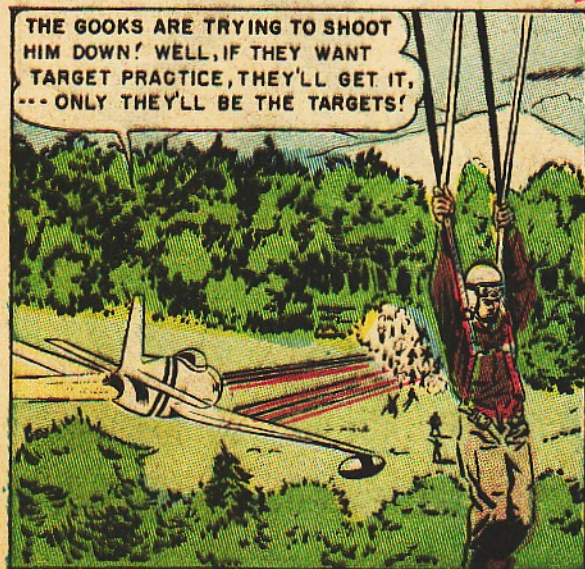
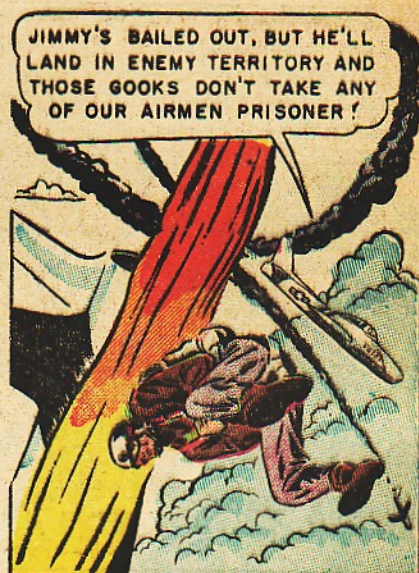
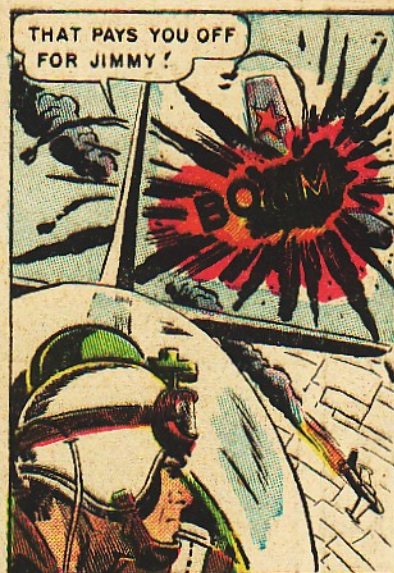
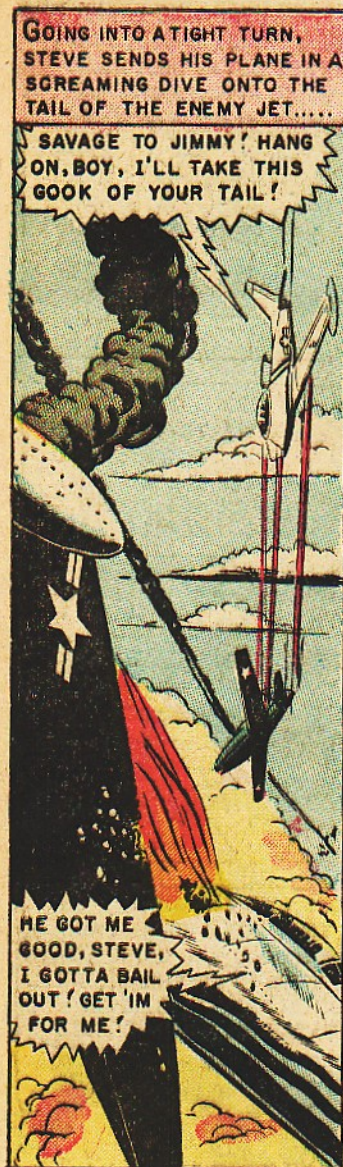


LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT GOT A GOOK. THE OTHER BOYS ARE DOING OKAY TOO. IF WE KEEP THIS UP, WE'LL SOON CLEAR THE SKIES...? HEY! JIMMY'S IN TROUBLE!



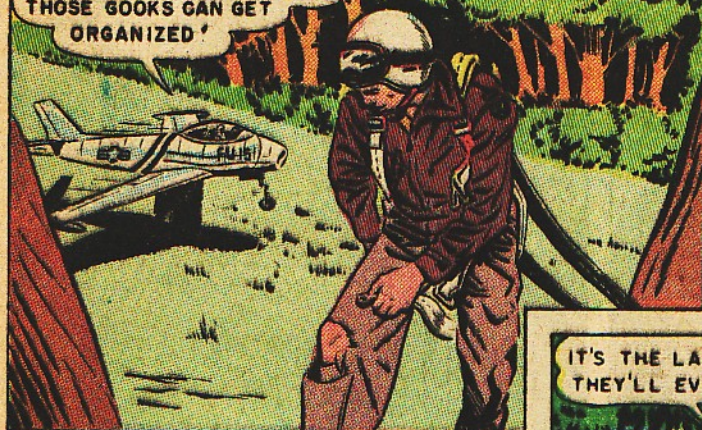
AND...

YAJEEEE!

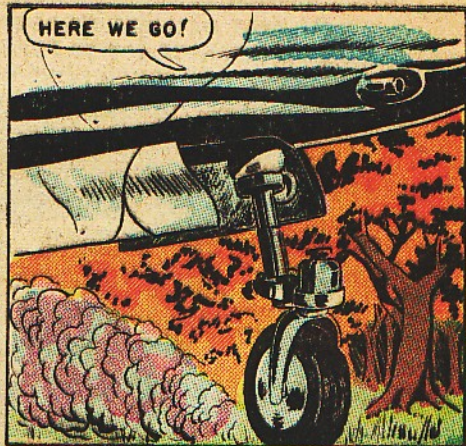


STEVE ROARS IN FOR A LANDING, HIS BLAZING GUNS RAKING THE WOODS--

I'VE GOT TO GET JIMMY ABOARD, AND TAKE OFF AGAIN-- BEFORE THOSE GOOKS CAN GET ORGANIZED!



HERE WE GO!



IT'S THE LAST RUSH THEY'LL EVER MAKE!

THE WOODS, STEVE-- THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM THE REAR!



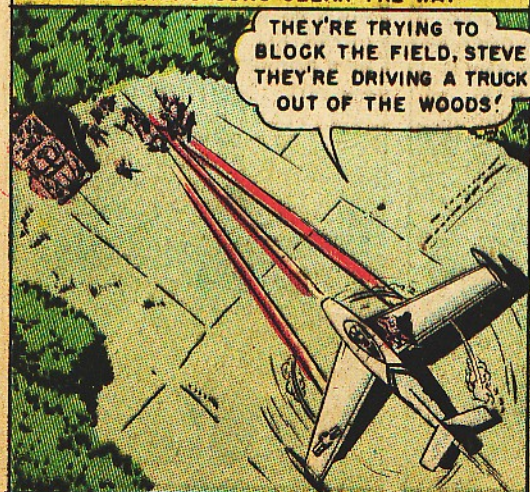
G'MON JIMMY-- HOP IN AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

BEHIND YOU STEVE-- THEY'RE RUSHING YOU!



AGAIN, STEVE PIVOTS THE JET PLANE! AGAIN, HIS HAMMERING GUNS CLEAR THE WAY--

THEY'RE TRYING TO BLOCK THE FIELD, STEVE! THEY'RE DRIVING A TRUCK OUT OF THE WOODS!



THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US FROM TAKING OFF--!

THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT-- HANG ON, JIMMY!



STEVE
KICKS HIS
PLANE INTO
MOTION,
HEADS IT
STRAIGHT
FOR THE
BLOCKING
TRUCK...

THAT MACHINEGUN'S GETTING
THE RANGE! GOT TO PUT IT OUT
OF COMMISSION!



THAT DOES IT! NOW, HERE'S
HOPING MY WHEELS WILL
LIFT FAR ENOUGH TO CLEAR
THE WRECK!



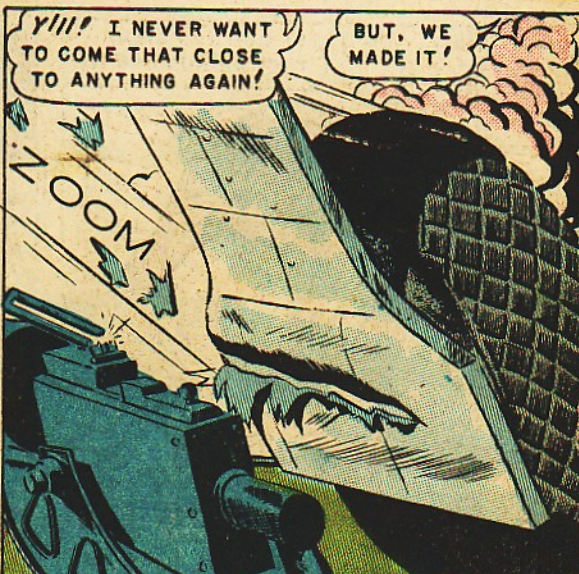
WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!

WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT!



Y!!! I NEVER WANT
TO COME THAT CLOSE
TO ANYTHING AGAIN!

BUT, WE
MADE IT!

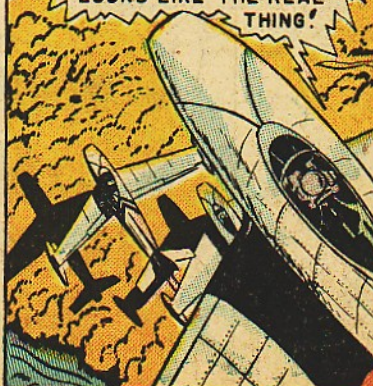


SAVAGE TO
SQUADRON.
I'VE GOT
JIMMY.
OVER!

GOOD STUFF, STEVE.
WE GOT EIGHT GOOK
PLANES BEFORE
THEY HAD ENOUGH
AND TOOK OFF.
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE?



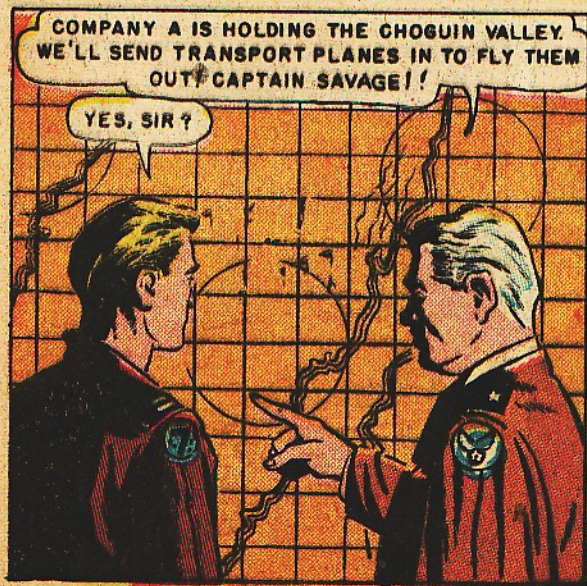
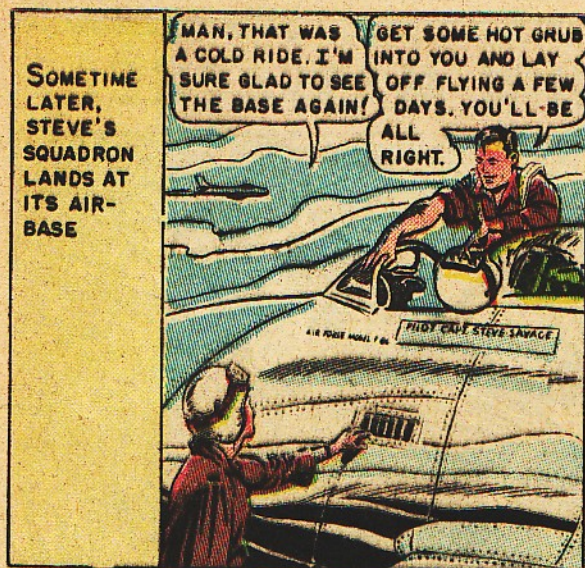
BACK HOME TO REFUEL AND
LOAD UP WITH MORE AMMO AND
BOMBS. OPERATIONS PROBABLY
HAS ANOTHER JOB FOR US TO
DO. THESE GOOKS ARE OPENING
UP AN OFFENSIVE PUSH AND IT
LOOKS LIKE THE REAL
THING!



YEAH! THE ROADS LEADING
SOUTH ARE JAMMED WITH GOOK
TRAFFIC! WE SAW A WHOLE
SLEW OF HEAVY TANKS AND AT
LEAST SIX BATTERIES OF THE
NEW ROCKET-LAUNCHERS. WE
GOT SOME FILMS OF
THEM!

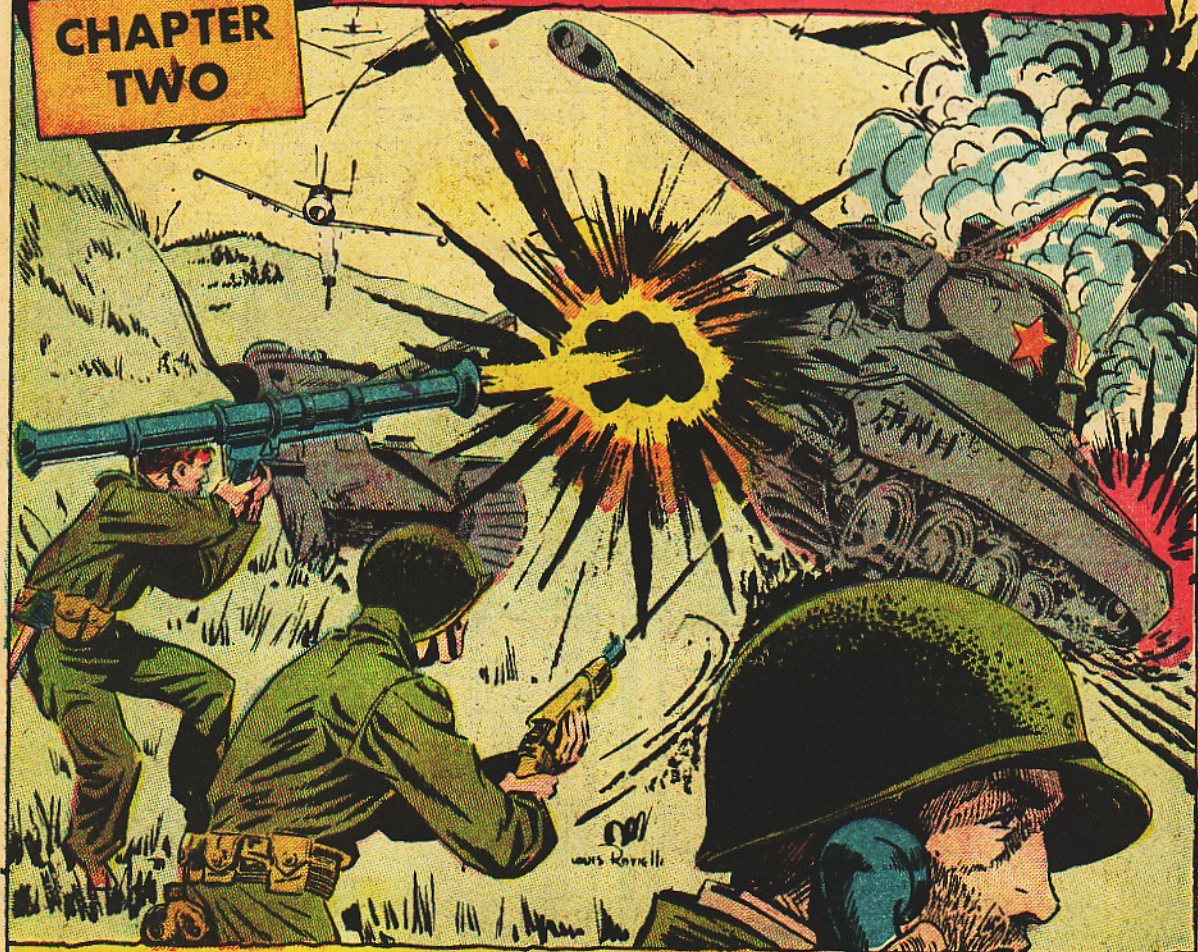
GOOD! OPERATIONS
WILL BE HAPPY TO
GET THOSE. OVER!





the CHOGUIN MASSACRE!

CHAPTER TWO



OUTNUMBERED *TWENTY-TO-ONE* BY FANATIC GOOK FIGHTERS, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND THE CUT-OFF *COMPANY 'A'* INFANTRY, BATTLE COURAGEOUSLY IN THE FACE OF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH, IN... *CHOGUIN MASSACRE!*

SOME MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE WING COMMANDER, STEVE ROUNDS UP HIS PILOTS AND HEADS FOR THE FIGHTER PLANES.

ALERT THE BOYS, DAN.
WE'LL FOLLOW THE LAST
TRANSPORT!



STEVE'S SQUADRON, ALREADY IN POSITION
-- MOVE ON STEVE'S SIGNAL --

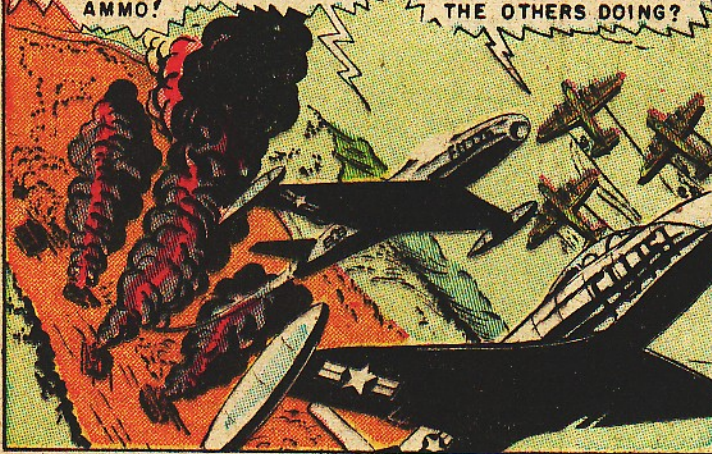




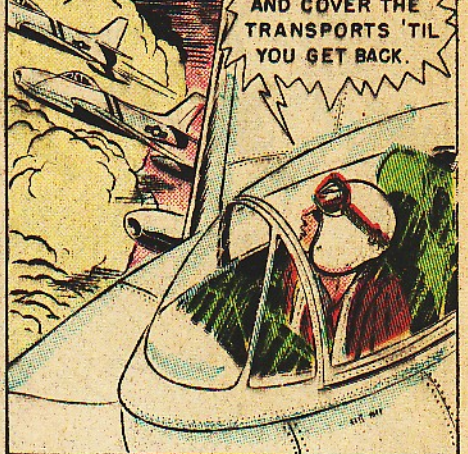
STEVE'S BOYS MAKE RUN AFTER RUN, RAISING HAVOC AMONGST THE GOOK INFANTRY AND ARMOR UNITS...

WHEN ARE THESE TRANSPORTS MOVING? I'M ALMOST OUT OF AMMO!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' TROUBLE! HOW'RE THE OTHERS DOING?

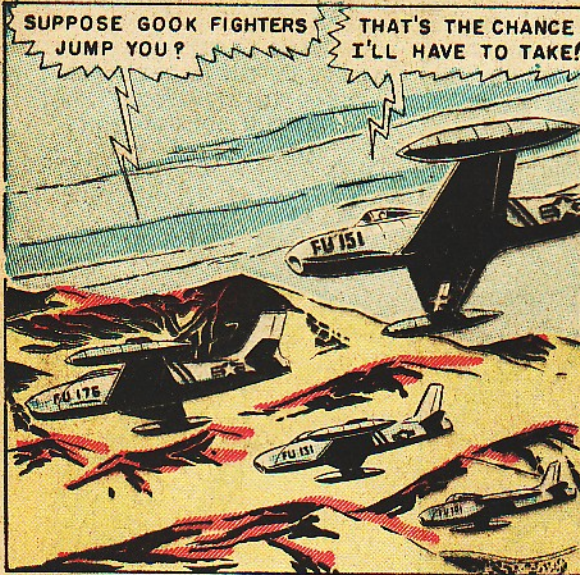


WE'RE ALL SHORT OF AMMO, AND RUN-
NING LOW ON FUEL! YOU'D BETTER RETURN TO THE BASE AND STOCK UP! I'LL STAY AND COVER THE TRANSPORTS 'TIL YOU GET BACK.



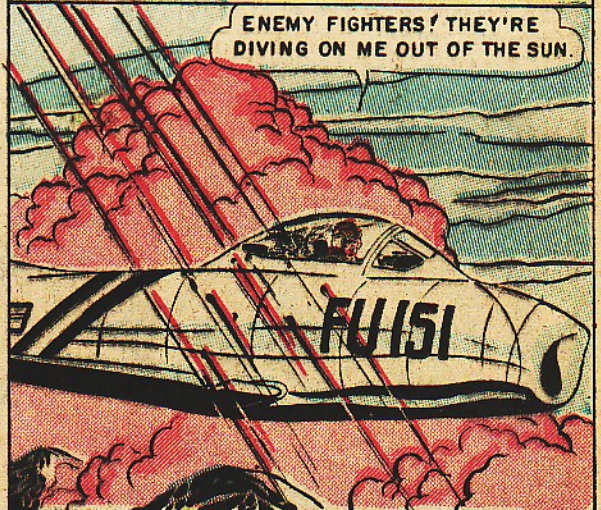
SUPPOSE GOOK FIGHTERS JUMP YOU?

THAT'S THE CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE!

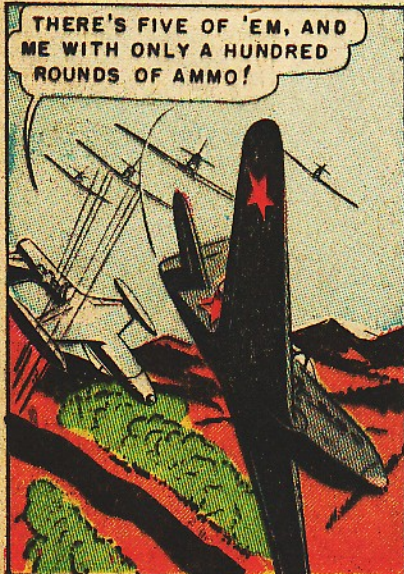


SOME MINUTES AFTER HIS COMPANIONS PULL OUT, STEVE IS CRUISING ABOVE THE PLATEAU, WHEN--

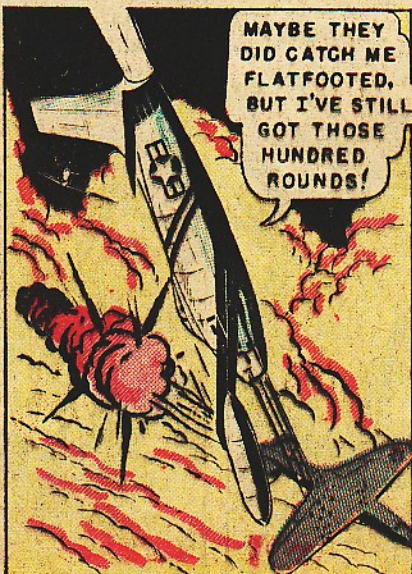
ENEMY FIGHTERS! THEY'RE DIVING ON ME OUT OF THE SUN.



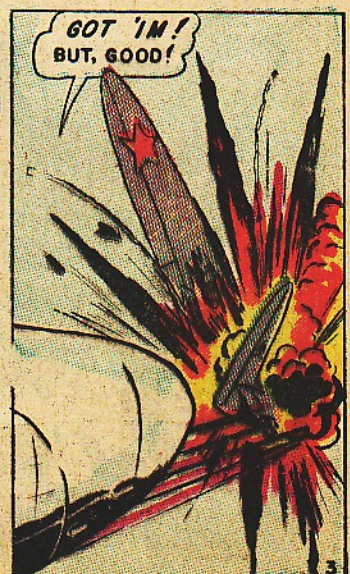
THERE'S FIVE OF 'EM, AND ME WITH ONLY A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF AMMO!

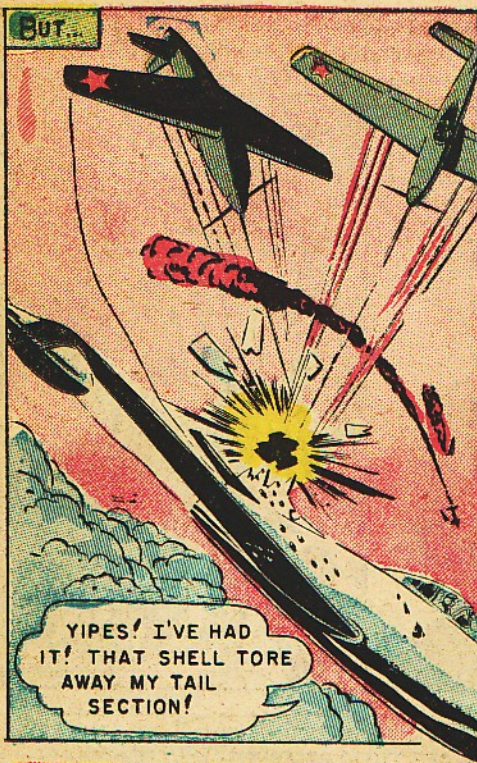


MAYBE THEY DID CATCH ME FLATFOOTED, BUT I'VE STILL GOT THOSE HUNDRED ROUNDS!



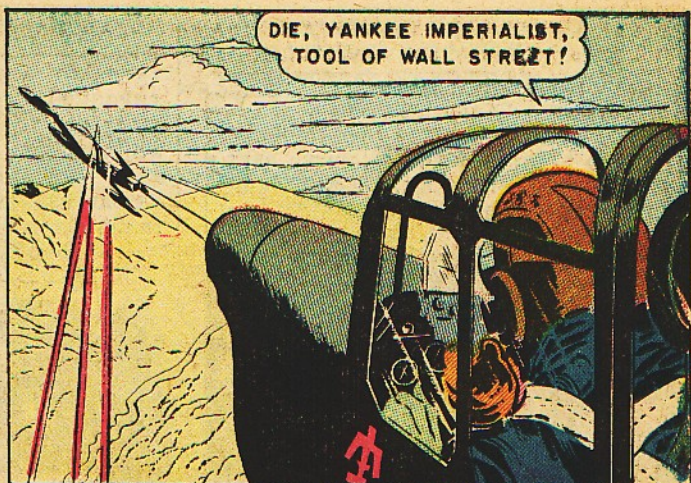
GOT 'IM! BUT, GOOD!





BUT...

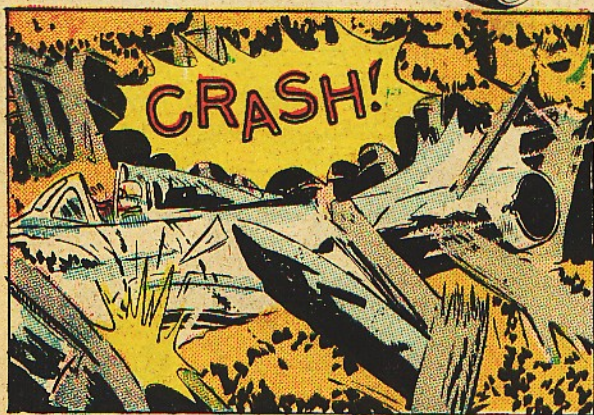
YIPES! I'VE HAD IT! THAT SHELL TORE AWAY MY TAIL SECTION!



DIE, YANKEE IMPERIALIST, TOOL OF WALL STREET!

FIGHTING THE SICKENING PLUNGE OF HIS CRIPPLED PLANE, STEVE MANAGES TO LEVEL THE PLANE OFF JUST SHORT OF A STONY RIDGE, BUT...

IT LOOKS LIKE I'M DONE FOR! THAT MOUNTAIN SLOPE'S COMIN' UP FAST, AND I'M GOING TO...



I'M STILL ALIVE! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT IT'S TRUE! I'M ALIVE AND UNHURT!

HEY! YOU OKAY UP THERE? NEED ANY HELP GETTIN' DOWN?



THE AIR FORCE BOYS ARE REAL TOUGH. IT TAKES MORE THAN GOOK PILOTS TO KILL ONE!

MAN, IF YOU CAN STILL JOKE AFTER A CRASH LIKE THAT... THEN I KNOW THE GOOKS CAN NEVER LICK US!

STEVE IS TAKEN TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER, CAPTAIN DOGAN, AND AFTER CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS NARROW ESCAPE...

SORRY YOUR TRANSPORTS COULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND BEFORE MY BOYS HAD TO DUCK FOR HOME, CAPTAIN. WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING YOU UP?

A GOOK DETACHMENT SEIZED PART OF OUR AIR-STRIP!

WE'RE IN A BAD WAY HERE. I FIGURED ON TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH ON FOOT, BUT WE'VE GOT TOO MANY WOUNDED. ALL WE CAN DO IS FIGHT, AND HOPE WE CAN GET THOSE TRANSPORTS OFF THE GROUND!

WHEN MY BOYS RETURN, I'LL HAVE 'EM DRIVE THOSE GOOKS OFF THE AIRSTRIP!

WE CAN USE ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET!



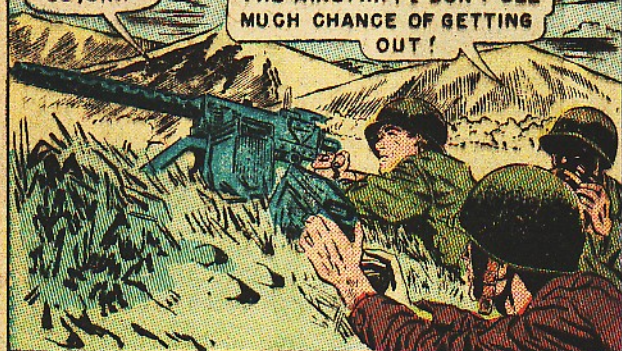
A FEW MINUTES LATER, STEVE SURVEYS THE COMPANY'S POSITION-- FROM A DUG-IN MACHINE GUN NEST-- FACING THE ENEMY--

THERE'S GOOK PATROLS ALL AROUND US, SIR!

THEY CAN AFFORD TO LOSE TWENTY MEN TO OUR ONE! UNLESS WE CAN RETAKE THE AIRSTRIP, I DON'T SEE MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!

IF SOMETHING WOULD DRAW OFF THEIR RESERVES-- WE COULD HANDLE THE SITUATION!

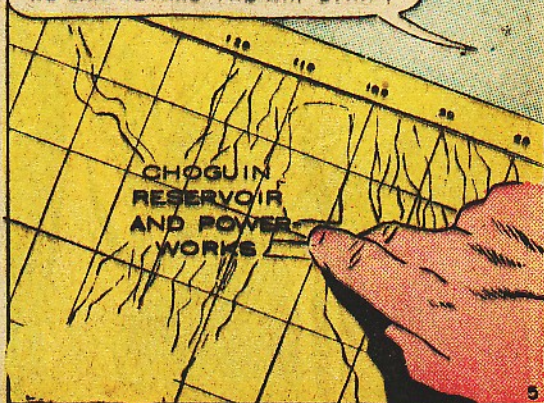
YOU KNOW, SERGEANT-- YOU'VE JUST GIVEN A GOOD IDEA! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH CAPTAIN DOGAN!



HERE WE ARE, DOGAN-- THE CHOGUIN RESERVOIR AND POWERWORKS! NOW, LOOK AT THE VALLEY. MOST OF THE GOOKS ARE CONCENTRATED THERE!

I SEE IT, STEVE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE A PATROL AND TRY BLOWING THE DAM, IF WE SUCCEEDED, THOSE GOOKS'LL BE DROWNED LIKE RATS! THE PRESSURE UP HERE'LL BE REMOVED AND WE CAN RETAKE THE AIR-STRIP!





BUT IT'S SUICIDE!
NO PATROL COULD
GET THROUGH THE
GOOK LINES AND
REACH THE DAM!

IT'S WORTH A TRY,
DON'T YOU THINK?



IF YOU WANT TO CHANCE IT, IT'S ALL RIGHT
WITH ME! I'LL GIVE YOU THE MEN, AND ALL
THE EXPLOSIVES YOU CAN CARRY!



FINE, CAPTAIN!

I'LL SPREAD THE WORD
AROUND THE COMPANY
AND GET YOU YOUR
VOLUNTEERS.



LATER...

CAPTAIN, THE WHOLE
COMPANY VOLUNTEERED.
I PICKED THESE FIVE
MEN!

ALL RIGHT, MEN. THE
CAPTAIN EXPLAINED
TO YOU WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO TRY AND DO...
LET'S GET AT IT!



BLACKING
THEIR FACES
AND HANDS,
STEVE AND
HIS MEN
WAIT NEAR
THE GOOK
OUTPOST
UNTIL
DARK...

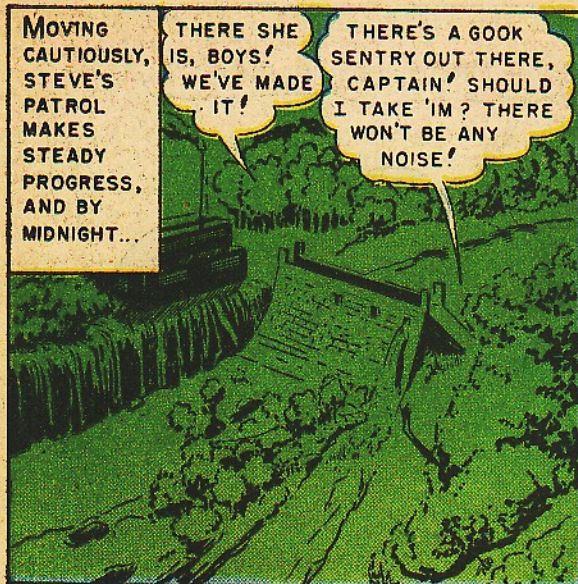
GOOK SENTRY,
SIR. SHALL I
TAKE 'IM?

NO. WE'LL TRY
SLIPPING AROUND
HIM. WE DON'T
WANT 'EM TO
SUSPECT THAT
WE HAVE A
PATROL OUT!



WE'RE PASSED HIM,
SIR. WE'VE HIT A PATH
OF SOME SORT.

SINCE IT'S GOING IN
THE RIGHT DIRECTION,
WE'LL FOLLOW IT. THE
DAM'S ABOUT SIX MILES
DUE NORTH!



MOVING CAUTIOUSLY, STEVE'S PATROL MAKES STEADY PROGRESS, AND BY MIDNIGHT...

THERE SHE IS, BOYS! WE'VE MADE IT!

THERE'S A GOOK SENTRY OUT THERE, CAPTAIN! SHOULD I TAKE 'IM? THERE WON'T BE ANY NOISE!



GO TO IT, SERGEANT!

PSSST... GOOK!

WHA...?



SPLAT!

I GOT 'IM GOOD!



OBSERVE THE SPLASH! AND OBSERVE ALSO THAT CORPORAL KUIKI IS GONE FROM HIS SENTRY POST!

SOUND ALARM! IS YANKEE'S!



GET THOSE GOOKS AND SHUT THEIR MOUTHS FAST!



IS YANKEE IMPERIALIST SWINE! KILL!

CAPTAIN! REINFORCEMENTS COMING UP FROM THE REAR!



THEY'RE SWARMING OUT LIKE LICE! WE'RE SURROUNDED, SIR...

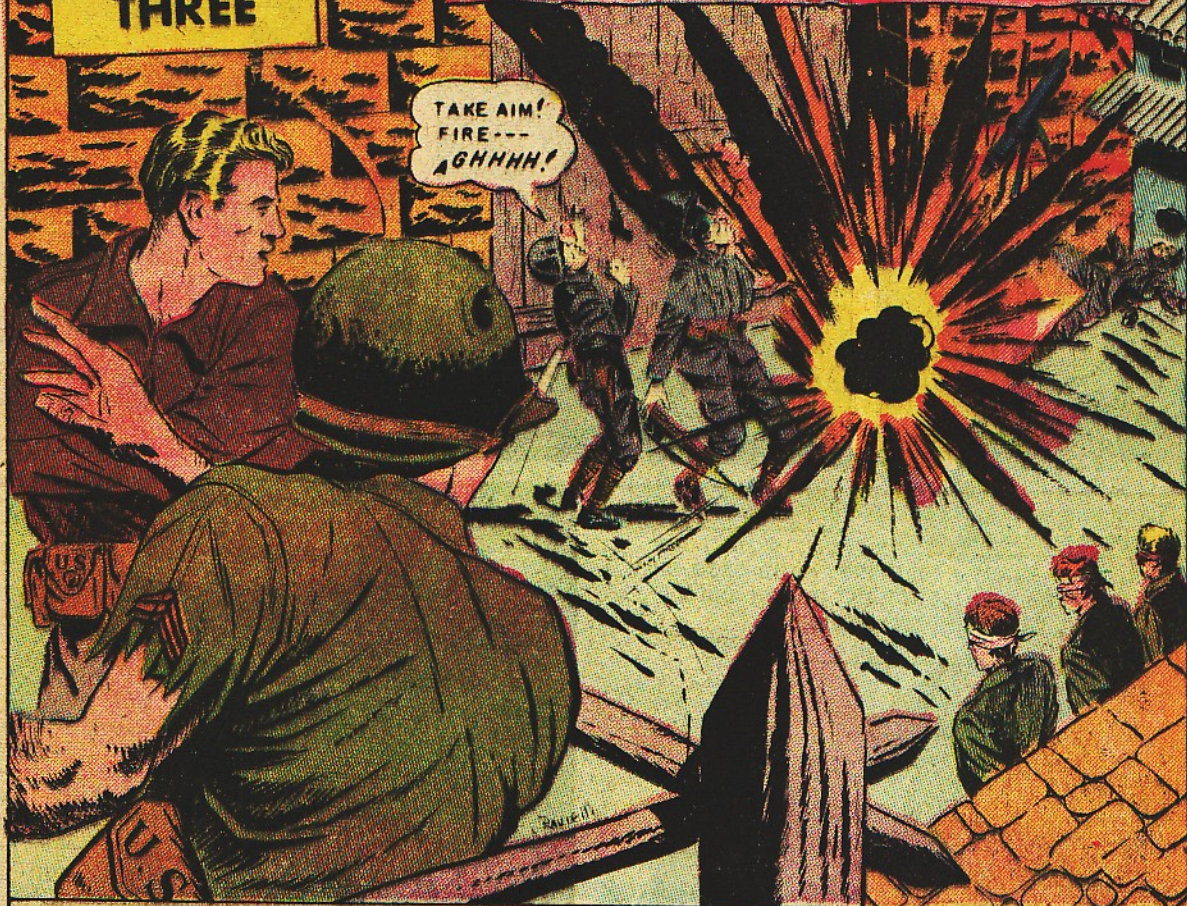
WE'RE TRAPPED ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT LICKED. SERGEANT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

WHAT IS THAT THING, THAT THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE? READ CHAPTER THREE FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER!

CHAPTER THREE

the DEATH GAMBLE!

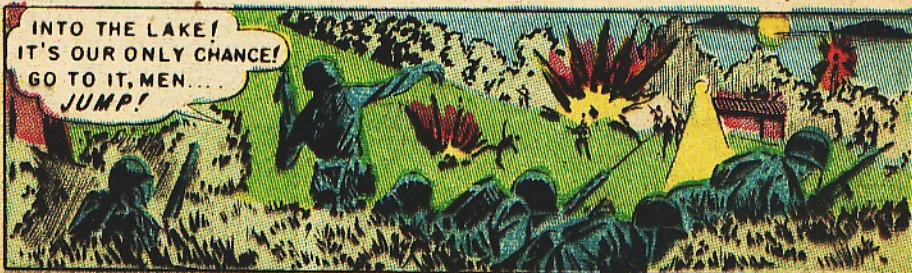
TAKE AIM!
FIRE---
AGHHHH!



THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND FOR *CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE* AND HIS SMALL PATROL OF DESPERATE *FIGHTING MEN*, TO SNATCH *VICTORY* FROM ALMOST CERTAIN *DEFEAT*. ON THE *BLOOD-SOAKED BATTLEFIELD* OF *CHOGUIN VALLEY* LIES THE ANSWER TO... *THE DEATH GAMBLE*!

TRAPPED ON THE CHOGUIN DAM BY ATTACKING GOOKS, STEVE SEES ONLY ONE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL FOR HIS OUTNUMBERED PATROL....

INTO THE LAKE!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
GO TO IT, MEN...
JUMP!

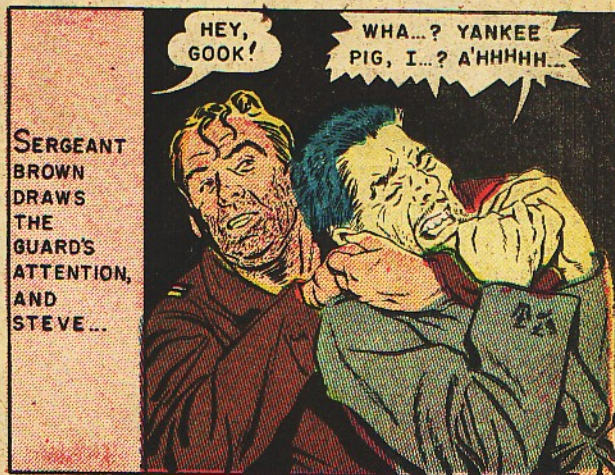


THEY'RE LIGHTING US
UP! WE'RE LIKE SITTING
DUCKS!

THAT'S GOOD, SERGEANT!
NOW, THAT I KNOW WHERE
THE LIGHTS ARE LOCATED,
I'LL BLACK 'EM OUT
FOR GOOD!

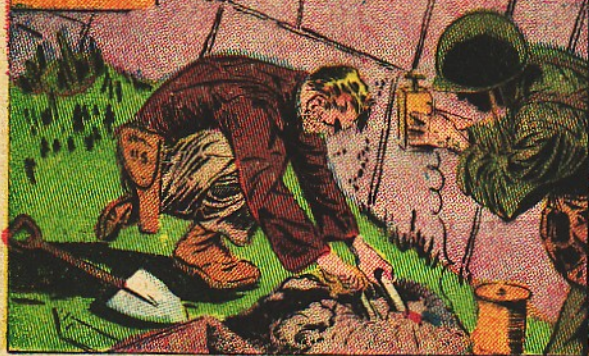




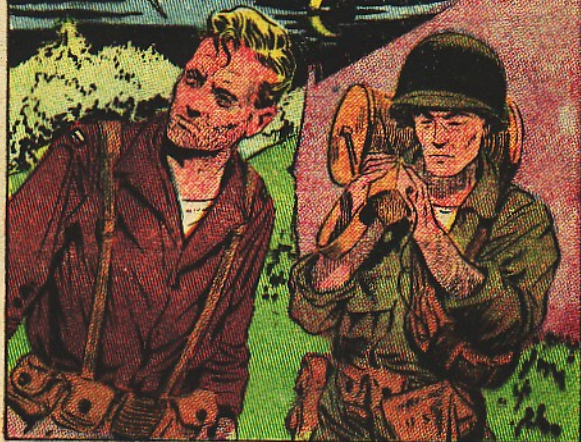


WORKING
SWIFTLY,
STEVE AND
PRIVATE
LOGAN--
PLANT THE
EXPLOSIVES,
AND...

WE READY TO SHOOT IT, SIR?
JUST ANOTHER MINUTE,
THEN I'LL BE READY!



LONG AS WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS
DAM, WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE SOME OF THE
GOOKS WITH IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

P'SSST, SARGE!
IT'S ME, CAPTAIN
SAVAGE.

ARE WE
READY TO
BLOW HER,
SIR?



THEM GOOKS
HAVE LEFT THE
WOODS AND ARE
HEADIN' BACK
FOR THE DAM.
THEY'LL BE
HERE ANY
MINUTE.

CAN YOU AND
CALESKIE
HOLD 'EM A
MINUTE?



HOLD 'EM,
SIR?

YES! I WANT AS
MANY GOOKS
BUNCHED ON THE
DAM AS POSSIBLE
BEFORE WE SEND IT
AND THEM TO KING-
DOM COME!



YOU CAN COUNT ON
US, SIR!

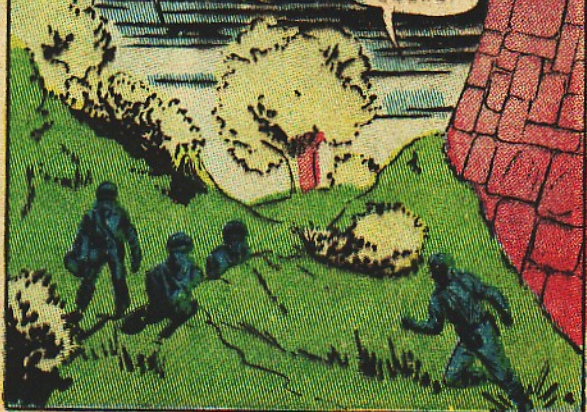
BE CAREFUL, SARGE. I
DON'T WANT TO LOSE
YOU!

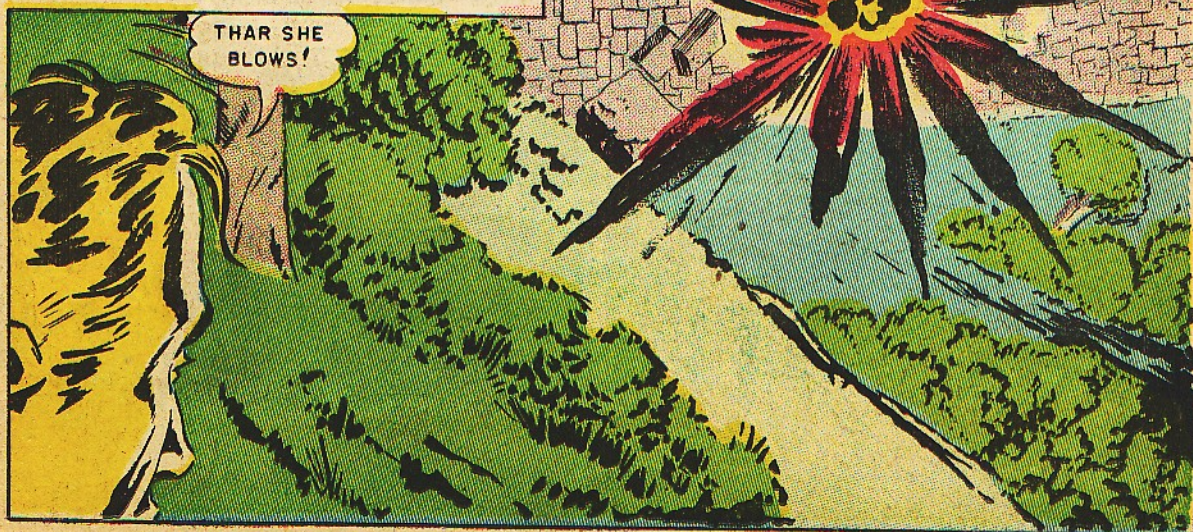
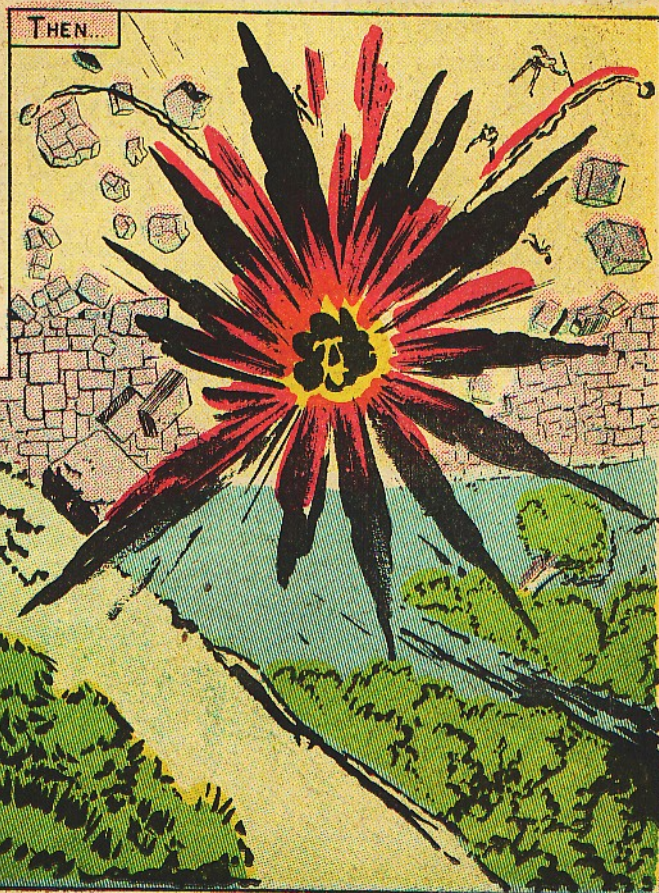
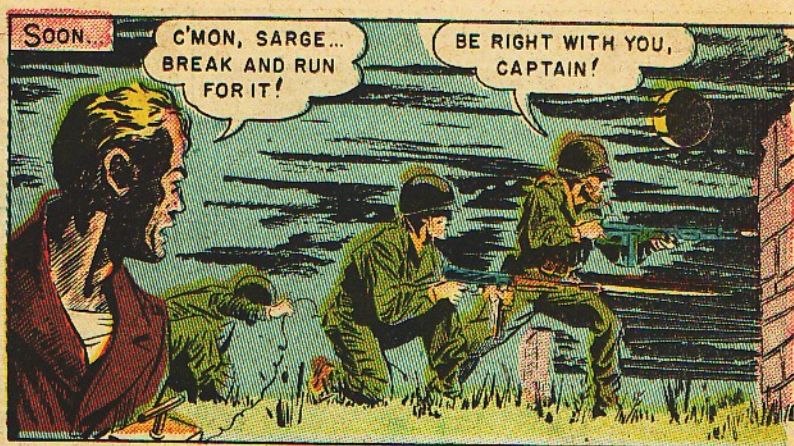


MOMENTS LATER...

THE SARGE AND
CALESKIE MUST BE
IN TROUBLE!

PLANNED TROUBLE,
CORPORAL, AND IF
THIS THING GOES OFF
RIGHT, IT WILL BE
TROUBLE FOR THE
GOOKS!



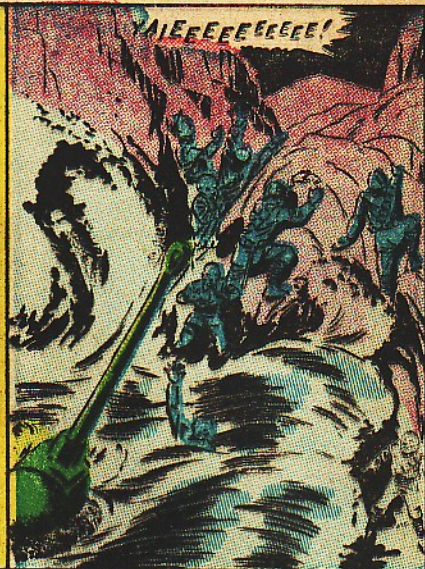


THEN, WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE DAM COLLAPSES AND LETS THE WATER THROUGH--

THAT WHITE WALL OF DEATH'LL SWEEP EVERYTHING BEFORE IT!



IT ROARS DOWN UPON THE RED ARMIES, CARRYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH, LEAVING BEHIND IT-- A WAKE OF DESTRUCTION AND DEATH!



CAPTAIN DOGAN, SIR-- LOOK! CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND HIS PATROL BLEW THE DAM!

THEN WE'LL HIT THE GOOKS BEFORE THEY RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK!



MEANWHILE, STEVE AND HIS PATROL HAVE CIRCLED THE LAKE AND ARE HEADING BACK FOR THEIR OWN LINES--

HOW MANY, SIR?

HOLD IT! GOOKS UP AHEAD!

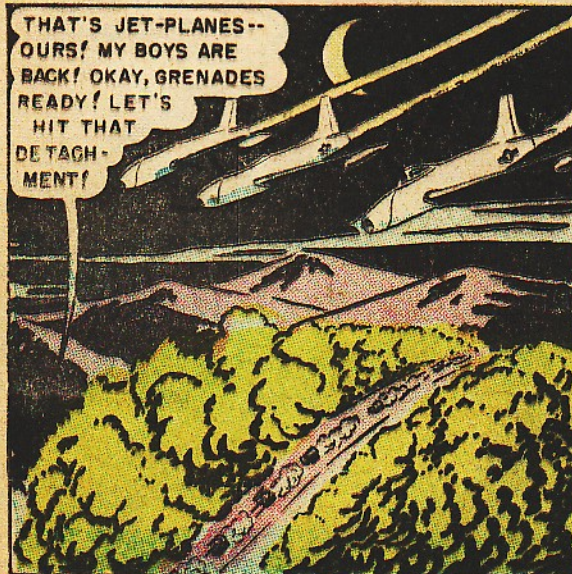


A DETACHMENT, AND HEADED FOR OUR LINES!

LISTEN TO THOSE MACHINE-GUNS... OUR BOYS MUST BE TRYING TO RETAKE THE AIRSTRIP! WAIT, WHAT'S THAT?



THAT'S JET-PLANES-- OURS! MY BOYS ARE BACK! OKAY, GRENADES READY! LET'S HIT THAT DETACHMENT!



GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! HIT 'EM-- HARD, AND GO RIGHT THROUGH 'EM!



THE PATROL'S SUDDEN, ATTACK THROWS THE GOOK DETACHMENT INTO MOMENTARY PANIC, AND...

SWINE! WILL YOU LET FIVE YANKEE PIGS PANIC YOU LIKE FIELD-MICE?

GOOD TRY, BROTHER, BUT YOU'RE FIGHTING ON THE WRONG SIDE!

HOW WE DOING, CAPTAIN?

FINE, SARGE! C'MON, MEN, KEEP GOING! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! LET'S GO!

FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DETACHMENT, STEVE'S PATROL ARRIVES AT THE AIRSTRIP, AND...

HEY, DON'T SHOOT, THAT'S OUR BOYS!

WE MADE IT, CAPTAIN!

LATER...

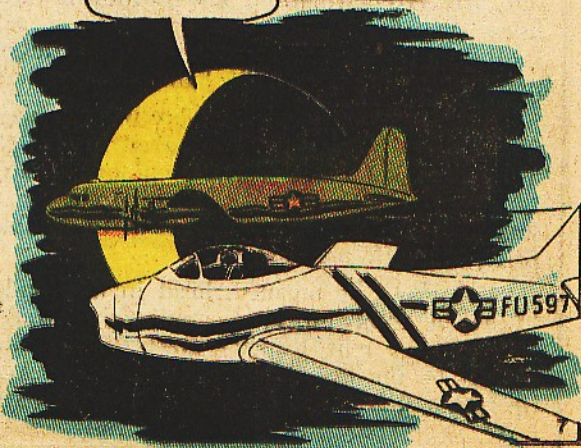
CAPTAIN, YOUR BOYS UP THERE WIPED OUT THE ENEMY MACHINEGUN NESTS ON THE AIRSTRIP WITH NAPALM BOMBS. MY BOYS DID THE REST!



WE'RE ALL LOADED, CAPTAIN DOGAN!

THIS IS IT, STEVE! THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE GETTING OUT- IN ONE PIECE!

I'M GLAD TO HAVE TAKEN SOME SMALL PART IN THE ACTION, DOGAN. THESE KIDS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD QUIT! IT MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!



DANGER NO. 5!

"I'm so mad I could go out and buy myself a new dress right now!" Pat Holm's pretty face was flushed, her hat askew, her nose smudged. In short, she looked like a woman who had just returned from an unsuccessful shopping trip!

Simon Templar . . . his friends called him the Saint, his enemies prudently kept their mouths shut most of the time . . . looked up from the newspaper he'd been reading.

"Don't tell me — you came off second best in the rush for the bargain counter again," he laughed. "Calm down, Kitten . . . a nice, long rest and you'll be almost as good as new. . . ."

"I went to Pierre's Beauty Salon first, of course," Pat ignored the interruption, "then I tried Stacy's, Fleming's, Nimbel's . . . all the stores in town! Not one of them had it . . . it seems to have disappeared from town . . . from the face of the earth!"

The Saint held up a restraining hand. "I find this all very interesting," he commented quizzically. "But — by my sainted grandmother — what ARE you talking about?"

"Why — perfume . . . of course!" Pat sniffed. "My favorite perfume . . . Danger #5! I'm all out and no one in town seems to have any . . . Stacy's, Nimbel's . . . even Pierre's. . . ." Again, the Saint held up his hand, like a traffic cop.

"Whoa . . . slow down! All this . . . this miniature war is over a couple of ounces of PERFUME?" He leaned back in his chair in helpless laughter. In another moment, Pat laughed too. The crisis was over!

Next morning, though, the Saint was up and out early. His destination? The downtown warehouse that housed the offices of Danger #5 Perfumeries, Inc. His objective? A bottle of perfume for Pat Holm. The Saint was like that.

The only occupant of the office was a pudgy, white-faced little man who looked as though he'd been born with a worried look on his face. At Simon's polite inquiry about purchasing a small supply of Danger #5, at a reasonable price, the little man exploded!

"Go away," he moaned, head in his hands. "Leave me to my misery . . . don't torment me!" Suddenly . . . he leaped — grasped the Saint fiercely by the lapels! His glaring eyes looked up into Simon's face, the top of his bald head

barely reached the Saint's grinning lips. "Who are YOU?" he demanded. "WHO sent you? Did THEY tell you to come here and sneer at me? They can't drive ME out of business! They'll never get away with this . . . NEVER!"

Gently, the Saint disentangled himself. "And who, may I ask," his voice was low, "are THEY?"

"They?" The little fellow was like a firecracker. "That confounded ALLURE COMPANY . . . that scoundrel STRYKER . . . I can't prove it . . . but I know he's behind this! This racket . . . these crimes against my legitimate business!"

Bit by bit, the Saint pieced together an amazing story. Not a delivery truck with Danger #5 had arrived in town during the past week! Every night, on the roads leading into town, the same scene was repeated. Gangs of hoodlums, materializing somewhere along the road, would attack, halt, seize the truck carrying Danger #5. They overpowered the driver, pounded into senselessness anyone offering resistance. Sometimes, the truck was driven over a nearby embankment . . . "accidentally," of course. Sometimes, they were merely overturned at the side of the road. Always, the cargo of precious perfume was cracked wide open, destroyed, splashed over the muddy road. The police were helpless to patrol the length and breadth of every road!

"My delivery trucks!" the little man shouted. "They're being hijacked every night! No matter what I do, I can't get one . . . even one . . . through to town! I know the Allure Company, that unprincipled snake — Stryker, is behind all this! It's the only way he can sell his inferior product — Allure! No matter what road my trucks take into town, they run into Stryker's gorillas. He SEELS his swill . . . my BEAUTIFUL-SMELLING PERFUME ends up covering some country road!"

The Saint suppressed a smile at the vision of the sweet-smelling highways leading into town.

"My friend," the Saint gripped the little man lightly by the elbows, "would you be interested in a little . . . er . . . assistance?" The little man glared "This is no joke, I assure you . . . Mr. . . . Mr. . . . ah . . ." The Saint hesitated, encouragingly.

Mr. Justin was the little man's name. "Justin, old man," said the Saint, "happier days are just around the corner for Danger #5! Take my advice . . . route your shipment over the New Road . . . tonight!"

"The New Road!" protested Mr. Justin, "that's Stryker's route . . . he uses it every night! How about the Eastern Highway?"

"No, my friend, make it the New Road . . . it's absolutely essential!" Simon Templar was already on his way out. A chuckle floated back over his shoulder. For a moment Mr. Justin was still. Then he came to life.

"Say!" he shouted after the departing figure. "What's YOUR name? WHO ARE YOU?" Then he noticed the card his visitor had left on the desk. It read: SIMON TEMPLAR. And in one corner there was a little pipe-stem drawing of . . . a SAINT!

The Saint didn't waste much time. He arranged for Hoppy to ride guard, that night, on Mr. Justin's truck. Almost casually, he inveigled Pat into a ride in the country. "We'll be as carefree as a couple of doves on the wing!" he orated, but without allaying Miss Pat Holm's suspicions. She knew the Saint . . . and she knew when something was cooking!

For awhile, driving along the New Road, it DID look as though the Saint hadn't a care in the world. Pat was beginning to enjoy herself. But that was before they met the Allure Company truck highballing it down the road . . . before the Saint swung the little car across the road directly into the path of the onrushing truck! Pat Holm closed her eyes for a second . . . prayed hard. All she could hear was the hiss of the truck's brakes, the squeal of protesting tires. When she looked up, the truck had stopped a foot away, and Simon was out of the car. She was in time to see him lean to

the cab of the truck. A single, massive blow across the back of the neck and the driver was out . . . cold as a mackerel. The guard didn't even have a chance to get his gun in his hand before he was dragged out. A swift, downward chop across the throat, a sizzling uppercut to the jaw . . . the guard joined the driver in a deep sleep! The Saint tossed his captives unconcernedly into the rear of the truck, locked them in. "Let them enjoy the perfume back there," he said, "for a while!"

The Saint took the wheel of the truck himself. Pat followed, under orders, in the car. A quick cut cross-country . . . and the little caravan approached the city . . . via the Eastern Highway!

The trip on the Eastern Highway was short and sweet. In a few minutes, another, smaller truck pulled out of a side road behind a clump of trees. Simon knew they were going to block the road. He slowed his truck to a stop, got out of the cab with his hands up. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . ." the burly leader of the gang counted methodically as he crashed three driving blows into his captive's face, three kicks into his ribs as he went down. Leaving the driver "out" at the side of the road, the gang went to work on the truck.

First, they pushed it off the road. With one set of wheels on the soft shoulder, it was an easy task to bull the vehicle over on its side. Methodically, with axes, pick-axes and sledgehammers, the wrecking crew chopped the van to bits. It wasn't until they had pulled out and sent crashing to the ground most of the shipment of perfume that they found the two frightened, beaten figures within. When they looked around for the "driver" of the truck, he was gone. Just a little the worse for wear, he was driving back to town in the little car, with a curious Pat Holm. On his face, he wore a Saintly smile.

Next day, acting upon the Saint's suggestion, Pat paid another visit to Pierre's Beauty Salon and returned . . . wonder of wonders . . . with an armload of Danger #5! Pierre, she reported, had informed her that a large shipment of Allure perfume had been completely wrecked the previous night . . . attacked by a gang of goons . . . hijacked! Rumor had it the Allure Company was close to bankruptcy! And Danger #5, it seemed, was back to stay!

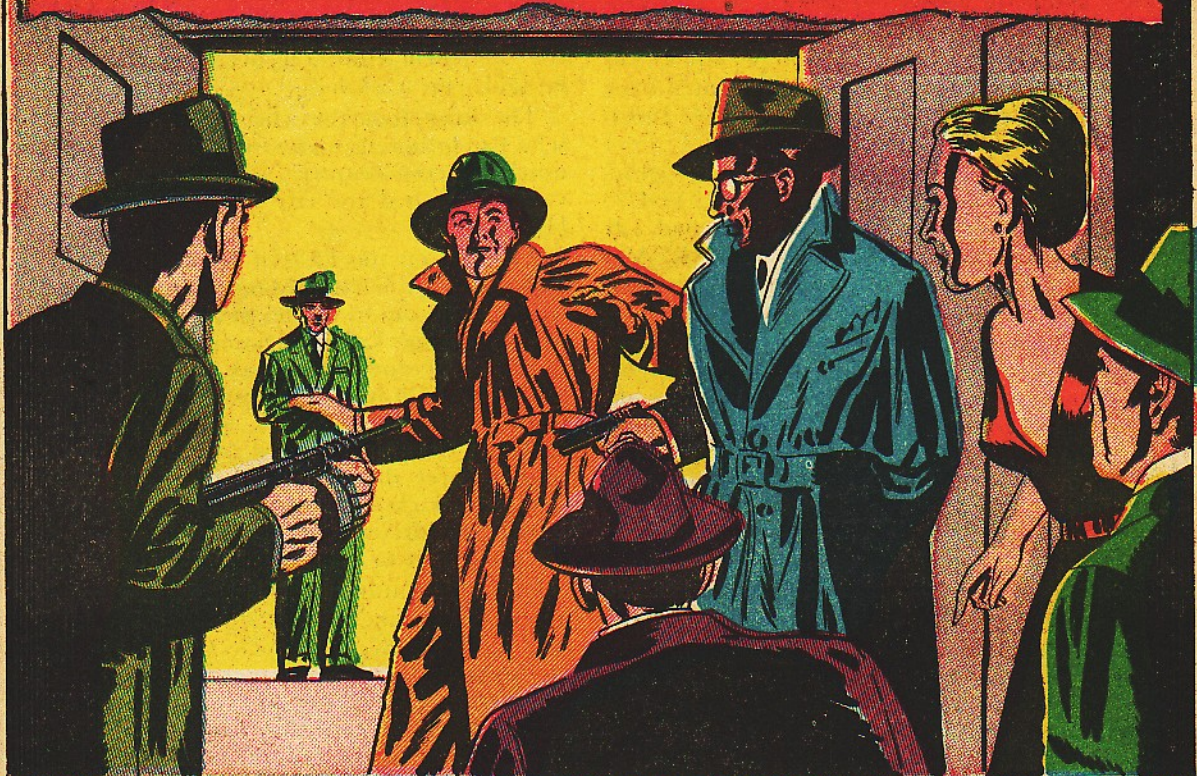
"Did YOU have anything to do with this?" Pat asked, suspiciously.

"Absolutely not!" The Saint's denial was righteous, vehement.

But Pat Holm knew better!



The Plunderer!



GERALD CHAPMAN HAS BEEN TERMED AMERICA'S CLEVEREST CROOK! HE BEGAN HIS CAREER IN 1907, BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL 1921, WHILE SERVING A TERM IN NEW YORK'S SING-SING PRISON-- THAT HIS GENIUS BEGAN TO SHOW! THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS RELEASED, CHAPMAN AND HIS CELL-MATE, THE INFAMOUS CONFIDENCE MAN, DUTCH ANDERSON --

OKAY, LET'S GO OVER IT AGAIN! WHEN YOU'RE SPRUNG TOMORROW, YOU AND BESS'LL REGISTER AT THE BROADWAY HOUSE AS MISTER AND MRS. WADE W. MILLER!

AND YOU'LL JOIN US THERE WHEN YOU'RE RELEASED AT THE END OF THE MONTH. THE DETAILS OF THE HEIST'LL BE WORKED OUT!



RIGHT! SHAKE!

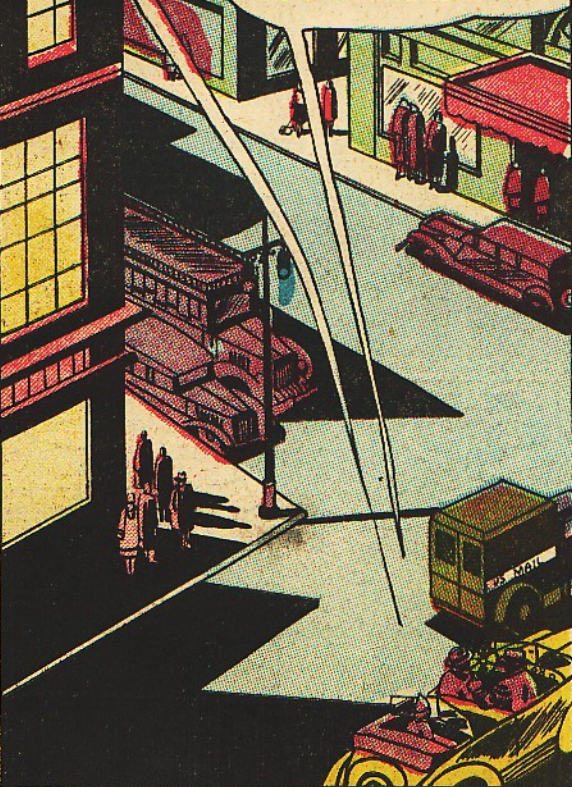
HERE'S TO A MILLION IN CASH AND EASY STREET FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



TWO DAYS LATER, CHAPMAN, HIS WIFE, BESS, AND CHARLIE LOEDER, CHAPMAN'S GETAWAY DRIVER, PARKED ON WALL STREET IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK CITY...

HERE'S THE MAIL TRUCK, CHAPMAN!

TAIL IT, CHARLIE! IT PICKS UP ALL THE REGISTERED MAIL IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT, AND WE'VE ONLY GOT THE DRIVER TO DEAL WITH!



IT'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT BUILDING!

YEAN, IT MAKES ITS LAST PICK-UP HERE! THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT! TURN INTO LEONARD STREET!



THEN WHAT?

AFTER THE HEIST, WE'LL CROSS OVER TO LONG ISLAND. THERE'S AN OLD BARN I PICKED OUT, WHERE WE'LL SORT THE MAIL!



WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PULL THE JOB?

WELL, DUTCH'LL BE COMING OUT TOMORROW, THE 21ST OF OCTOBER. WE'LL PULL THE JOB ON THE 24TH.



ON THE 21ST OF OCTOBER, DUTCH ANDERSON WAS RELEASED FROM SING SING AND CONTACTED CHAPMAN AT THE BROADWAY HOUSE!

LET'S GO OVER IT ONCE MORE. WE PICK UP THE MAIL TRUCK ON BROADWAY AND TAIL IT TO LEONARD. CHARLIE PARKS THE CAR ALONGSIDE, THEN YOU TRANSFER THE SACKS. I TAKE CARE OF THE DRIVER!



THE JOB LOOKS EVEN BETTER THEN IT DID IN THE PEN. LET'S HAVE A DRINK ON ITS SUCCESS!

YES, TO A SHORT HEIST AND A PROFITABLE ONE!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT, BUT THERE'S STILL A LOT OF THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE 24TH.



AND ON THE 24TH OF OCTOBER, 1921...

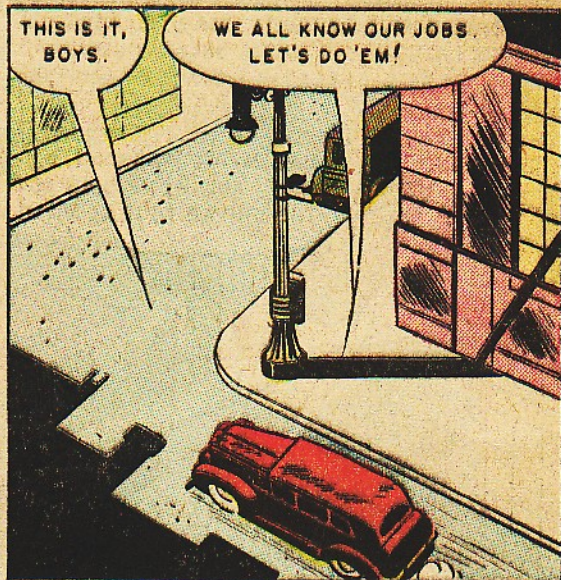
THERE SHE IS, CHAPMAN...
RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

REMEMBER...
FOLLOW THE
PLAN EXACTLY!



THIS IS IT,
BOYS.

WE ALL KNOW OUR JOBS.
LET'S DO 'EM!

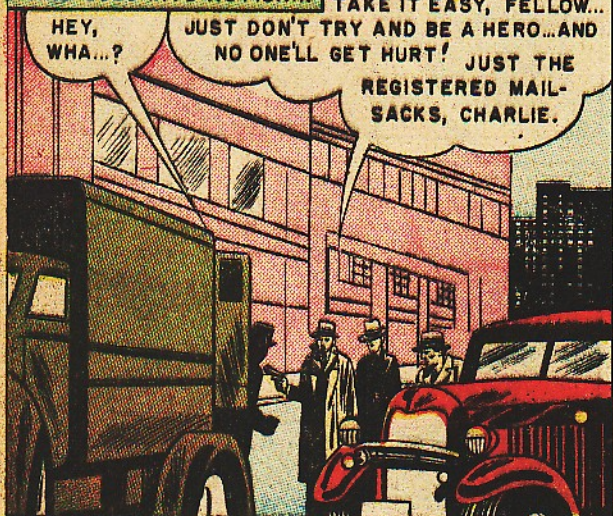


CHARLIE PULLS ALONGSIDE THE MAIL TRUCK! THE
TRIO GOES INTO ACTION...

TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW...
JUST DON'T TRY AND BE A HERO...AND
NO ONE'LL GET HURT! JUST THE
REGISTERED MAIL-
SACKS, CHARLIE.

HEY,
WHA...?

JUST DON'T TRY AND BE A HERO...AND
NO ONE'LL GET HURT! JUST THE
REGISTERED MAIL-
SACKS, CHARLIE.



THAT'S THE LOT,
DUTCH!

OKAY, GET BEHIND THE
WHEEL. WE'RE READY TO
ROLL!



WARNING THE DRIVER TO STAY
SILENT UNTIL THEY'D GONE, THE
TRIO DROVE TO THE DESERTED
BARN ON LONG ISLAND. THERE...

THERE'LL BE ALL SORTS OF
STUFF IN THIS PILE. CASH,
TRAVELERS CHECKS, BONDS
AND SECURITIES, AND A LOT OF
JUNK WE CAN'T CASH IN ON.



WE'LL MAKE THREE SEPARATE
PILES OF THE OTHER STUFF.
CASH ON ONE PILE, TRAVELERS
CHECKS ON ANOTHER, AND ALL
THE NEGOTIABLE BONDS AND
SECURITIES ON A THIRD.



OKAY, LET'S GET
STARTED. I
CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE HOW
WE MADE OUT!

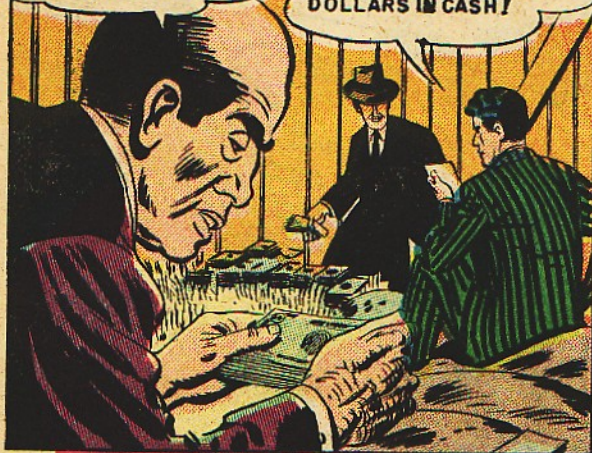
ME EITHER!
MAN O MAN,
I'LL HAVE EVERY
LUXURY I
EVER DREAMED
OF.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER

WE SCORED BIG, CHAPMAN -- BIGGER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED!

YEAH! WE'VE GOT THREE-HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY DOLLARS IN CASH!



WE ALSO HAVE EIGHTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN TRAVELERS CHECKS, NINE-HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES! IT MAKES A GRAND TOTAL OF TWO MILLION, SIX-HUNDRED FORTY-THREE THOUSAND, SEVEN-HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS!



WOW! WE'VE MADE CRIMINAL HISTORY!

THE COPS'LL GO MAD! THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP!



CHARLIE'S RIGHT. YOU NEVER DID TELL US HOW WE WERE GOING TO COVER UP!

WHERE D'YOU FIGURE THE COPS'LL LOOK FOR US FIRST?



THEY'LL WATCH ALL EXITS LEADING OUT OF THE CITY. THEY'LL HAVE EVERY POLICE FORCE IN THE COUNTRY WORKING ON THE CASE!

EXACTLY! AND THEY WON'T FIND US, BECAUSE WE'LL BE LIVING RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES--IN A HOUSE ON GRAM-MERCY PARK--IN NEW YORK'S SWANKIEST SECTION!



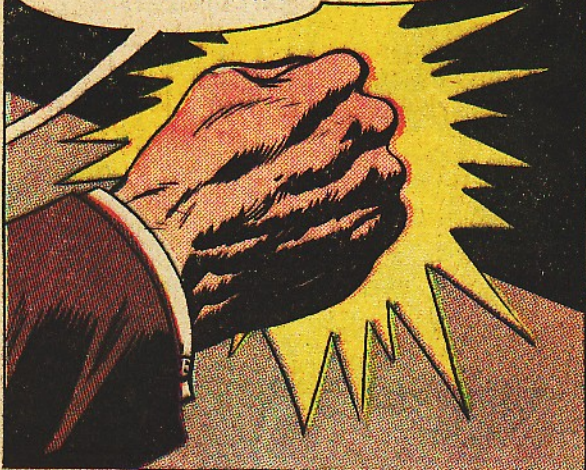
THAT'S SMOOTH. I RENTED THE HOUSE MORE THAN A MONTH AGO. BESS IS THERE NOW, WAITING! I'VE GOT OUR ALIAS' ALL PICKED OUT. BESS AND I WILL GO UNDER THE NAME OF GOWELL, YOU'LL BE GEORGE WEAVER AND CHARLIE, ROBERT BRYCE.



MEANWHILE, THE DRIVER OF THE MAIL TRUCK HAS ALREADY IDENTIFIED THE THREE BANDITS FROM ROGUE'S GALLERY PHOTOS! CHAPMAN, ANDERSON, LOEDER! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE FIRST MOMENT! IT WOULD TAKE A TRIO OF RATS LIKE THAT TO ATTEMPT A JOB OF THIS SIZE!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM! I WANT EVERY MAN THE FORCE CAN SPARE! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT! JUST... GET THEM...!

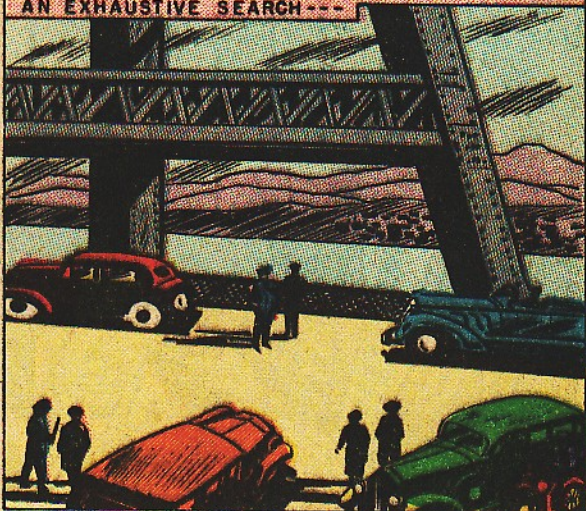


WITHIN A SHORT TIME, THE MACHINERY OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT SWINGS INTO ACTION! RAILROAD TERMINALS AND TRAINS ARE SEARCHED---

FOLKS, THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT DELAY WHILE THESE GENTLEMEN SEARCH THE CARS...



ALL ROADS LEADING INTO NEW JERSEY ARE BLOCKED, AND ALL TRAFFIC IS SUBJECT TO AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH---



ALL STEAMSHIPS THAT HAD SAILED AFTER THE ROBBERY ARE CONTACTED ---

TO: S.S. ROYAL OAK ON HIGH SEAS; CHECK PASSENGERS AND CREW FOR THE FOLLOWING THREE MEN...



BUT, WEEKS AFTER THE ROBBERY, THE COMMISSIONER WAS STILL ONLY ABLE TO REPORT ---

WE DON'T HAVE THEM YET, GENTLEMEN! THEY SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED COMPLETELY!

WOULD YOU SAY THEY MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY?



I SHOULD SAY *NOT!* MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT --- CHAPMAN AND HIS GANG ARE MARKED MEN!



MEANWHILE, IN A HOUSE ON GRAMMERCY PARK, A GROUP OF NEW YORK BLUE BLOODS ARE BIDDING THEIR CHARMING HOST AND HOSTESS A GOOD EVENING...

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. COLWELL, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I'VE ENJOYED SUCH A CHARMING EVENING!

I'M SO GLAD YOU MOVED TO NEW YORK. YOU THROW WONDERFUL PARTIES!

GOOD NIGHT, MRS. VAN DEERE, WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE RACES ON WEDNESDAY.

GOODNIGHT, COME AGAIN... ALL OF YOU!

IMAGINE THEIR HORROR IF THEY KNEW WHO WE REALLY ARE?

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GENIUS, CHAPMAN, BUT I NEVER DREAMED YOU COULD CHISEL YOUR WAY INTO NEW YORK SOCIETY!

IT CERTAINLY GAVE US A FOOLPROOF COVER. THE COPS WILL NEVER FIND US HERE IN A MILLION YEARS!

BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE QUITE THAT LONG! PATIENT DETECTIVE WORK FINALLY UNCOVERED THE BANDIT HIDEOUT. AND NINE MONTHS AFTER THE ROBBERY, ON JULY 3, 1922... WAIT'LL

THAT'S CHAPMAN NOW, DAN!

THE DOOR IS OPENED TO HIM, THEN IF HE TURNS TO RUN, WE'LL BE THERE TO BLOCK HIM OFF!

COPS! DUTCH! BESS! WHAT?

WE'VE GOT YOU COLD, CHAPMAN! MAKE A FUNNY MOVE, AND YOU DIE! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT... LOOK BEHIND YOU.

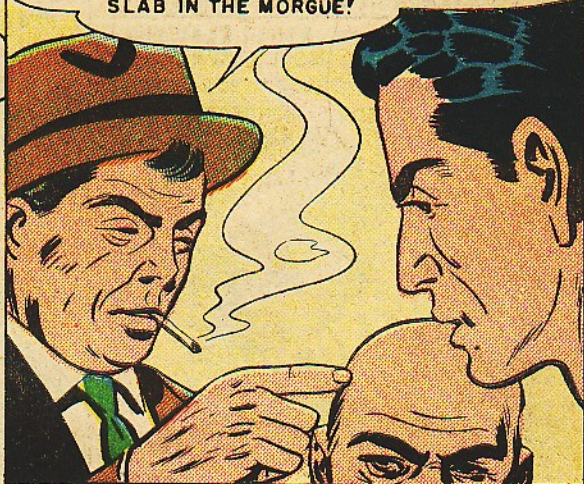
CHARLIE LOEDER ESCAPED THE NET, AND BESS WAS FREED, BUT CHAPMAN AND DUTCH ANDERSON EACH RECEIVED A SENTENCE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PRISON AT ATLANTA, GA! ENROUTE...

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! WE'LL BE OLD AND BROKEN MEN WHEN WE'RE RELEASED. I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT! WE'RE THROUGH!

CHAPMAN'S *NEVER* THROUGH! I'LL MAKE A BREAK BEFORE I'VE SERVED A YEAR...



I HEARD THAT, CHAPMAN. BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM ATLANTA! THEY ALL ENDED UP BACK BEHIND THE BARS--OR ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE!



THREE MONTHS LATER, AFTER FAKING HIS WAY INTO THE PRISON HOSPITAL, CHAPMAN SAWED A BAR OF HIS SICK-CELL WINDOW, AND ESCAPED...

I SAID NO PRISON WOULD EVER HOLD ME AND I MADE IT GOOD!



I'VE GOT TO PUT A LOT OF GROUND BETWEEN ME AND ATLANTA BEFORE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN A SMALL TOWN FIFTY MILES FROM ATLANTA, CHAPMAN WAS SPOTTED BY ONE OF THE NUMEROUS POSSE'S SCOURING THE COUNTRY-SIDE...

ALL RIGHT, NOBODY TAKES GERALD CHAPMAN AGAIN!
HEY, THAT'S CHAPMAN-- PUT 'EM UP!



YOU GOT HIM!



I... TOLD... YOU... YOU'D NEVER GET ME... ALIVE!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE, CHAPMAN-- WE'LL SEE TO THAT! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE ATHENS HOSPITAL...



CHAPMAN WAS SO BADLY WOUNDED THAT HE WAS NOT GUARDED AT THE ATHENS HOSPITAL. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS, HE PERSUADED HIS NURSE TO CONTACT BESS IN NEW YORK. TWO DAYS LATER--

HERE'S THE GUN, HONEY, AND CHARLIE'S DOWNSTAIRS WITH A CAR. YOU SURE YOU CAN MAKE IT?

I'LL MAKE IT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! HERE COMES THE DOC. THIS IS IT!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

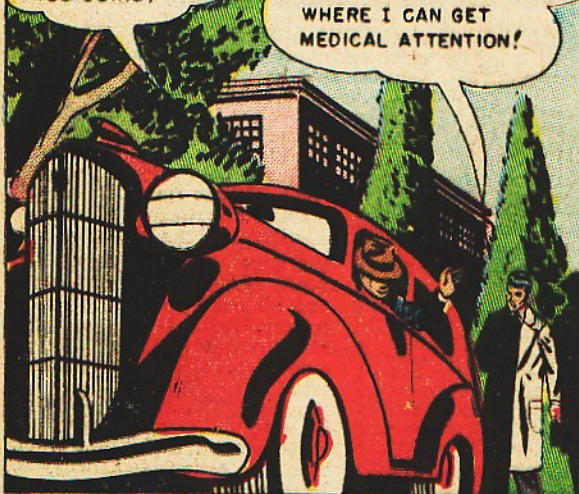
START PEELING THOSE CLOTHES OFF, DOC! YOU TOO, NURSE! I'LL WEAR THE DOC'S UNIFORM, BESS, AND YOU'LL WEAR THE NURSE'S! NO ONE'LL STOP US!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

HI, BOSS! HOW'RE YOU DOING?

NOT SO HOT, CHARLIE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME TO A SAFE HIDEOUT WHERE I CAN GET MEDICAL ATTENTION!



WE'RE TAKING YOU TO DOC SPICKERMAN IN MUNCIE, INDIANA! HE'LL HIDE YOU OUT IN HIS PLACE UNTIL YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO MOVE!

WELL, LET'S GET ROLLING!



THEY ARRIVED IN MUNCIE WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND SEVEN WEEKS LATER, AFTER CHAPMAN HAD FULLY RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS...

BOSS, WE NEED DOUGH. ALL OUR LOOT WENT TO DEFEND YOU AND DUTCH DURING THE TRIAL!

YES, YOU'LL HAVE TO PULL A JOB.



DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A WHOLE PROGRAM LAID OUT! GERALD CHAPMAN ISN'T THROUGH! NOT BY A LONG SHOT! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SAY CHAPMAN'S CAREER IS JUST STARTING!



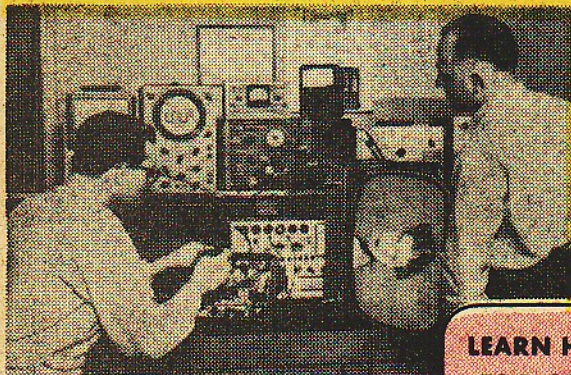
CHAPMAN WAS FREE FOR FOUR YEARS! HE TUNNELED DUTCH ANDERSON FROM ATLANTA, AND LIKE AN ELUSIVE SHADOW, RAMPAGED ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO ROB AND SLAY! THE MURDER OF A POLICEMAN IN CONNECTICUT FINALLY ENDED HIS CAREER! ON APRIL 5, 1926, CHAPMAN WAS HANGED!



CHARLIE LOEDER WAS CAPTURED AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT, DUTCH ANDERSON... WAS KILLED BY A POLICEMAN IN MUSKEGON, MICH...

START YOUR FUTURE TODAY!

Get the facts on NATIONAL SCHOOLS' famous Shop-Method Home Training!



RADIO-TELEVISION & ELECTRONICS

A BRIGHT FUTURE awaits you in booming Radio-TV industry. More than 100 million radio sets, 20 million TV sets, now in use! Backed by National Schools' famous Shop-Method Training from America's Radio-TV Capital you can command good wages in the opportunity-career of your choice—engineer, service-repair, inspector, designer—in radar, electronics—or your-own profitable business! Make that bright future come true... start now!

WE GIVE YOU COMPLETE PARTS, INCLUDING HIGH-MU TUBES!

Yours to keep.

You learn by doing, actually build generators, R-F oscillators,

and this big Super-Het receiver!

WE GIVE YOU THIS STANDARD PROFESSIONAL MULTITESTER!

Locates trouble, adjusts delicate circuits—a valuable profit-earner

for you when you become a qualified Radio-TV technician!



FREE! RADIO-TV BOOK & LESSON!



FREE! AUTO-DIESEL BOOK & LESSON!

MAIL COUPON NOW START YOUR HIGH-PAYING FUTURE TODAY!

LEARN HOW YOU TOO CAN EARN TOP MONEY IN THESE BOOMING INDUSTRIES!



LET NATIONAL SCHOOLS of Los Angeles, California, a Resident Technical Trade School for nearly half a century, train you at home for a high-paying future in these big-future industries.

Earn While You Learn!

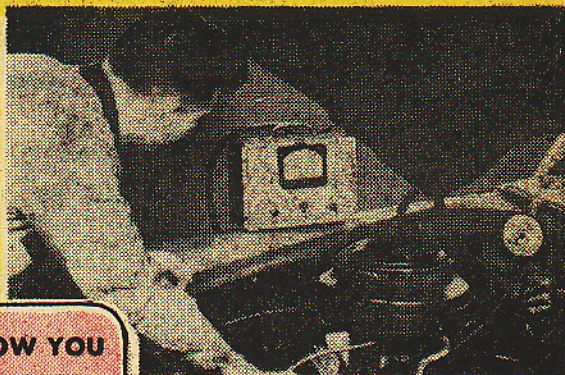
Make extra money repairing friends' and neighbors' cars, trucks, radios, TV sets, appliances. Every step fully explained and illustrated in National Schools' famous "Shop-Tested" lessons. Latest equipment and techniques covered. You master all phases—start part-time earnings after a few weeks!

YOU RECEIVE FRIENDLY GUIDANCE, both as a student and graduate. Our special Welfare Department is always at your service, to help you with technical and personal problems. You receive full benefit of our wide industry contacts and experience.

DRAFT AGE? National Schools training helps you get the service branch, and higher pay grade you want.



APPROVED FOR G. I. TRAINING



AUTOMOTIVE-DIESEL & ALLIED MECHANICS

EXPANDING AUTO-DIESEL INDUSTRY needs more and more trained men! 55 million vehicles now operating, 6 million more this year—plus 150,000 new Diesel units! Garages, car dealers, transit lines, defense plants, manufacturers, are desperate for

the kind of *trained specialists* produced by National Schools' "Shop-Method Home Training." Start now on the road to lifetime security. Mail the coupon today!

WE GIVE YOU THE TOOLS OF YOUR TRADE! This fully-equipped, all-metal Tool Kit is yours to keep. We also give you a complete set of precision drawing instruments, and Slide Rule. These professional tools help you learn, then *earn!*



NATIONAL SCHOOLS

Technical Trade Training Since 1905

LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA

In Canada: 811 West Hastings Street
Vancouver 4, B. C.

Both Home Study and Resident Courses Offered

GET FACTS FASTEST! MAIL TO OFFICE NEAREST YOU!

(mail in envelope or paste on postal card)

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. HH-34

4000 S. Figueroa Street
Los Angeles 37, Calif.

or 323 West Polk Street
Chicago 7, Ill.

Please rush Free Book & Sample Lesson checked below. No obligation, no salesman will call.

- ☐ "My Future in Radio-Television & Electronics"
☐ "My Future in Automotive-Diesel & Allied Mechanics"

NAME _____ BIRTHDAY _____ 19__

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if interested in Resident School Training at Los Angeles.
VETERANS: Give Date of Discharge _____

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON!

... and look what I did for them!



"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2½"; forearm ½". —C.S., W. Va.



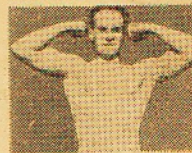
"Gained 2" in neck; 1½" in biceps. Never felt better in my life." —J.S., Calif.



T.M., Atlas Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."



A.H., —Kans. — Atlas Cup Winner.



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them." —D.P., Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." —T.K., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." —W.D., New York.



"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to build a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and it does not obligate me in any way.

You MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND I'll Prove I Can Make YOU a New Man!

Name Charles Atlas Age 18
 Please print or write plainly.
Cedar Street
Brooklyn Zone No. — State N.Y.
 (if any)
YOU USE COUPON BELOW

My Secret Method Has Done Wonders For Thousands—Here's What I'll PROVE It Can Do For YOU—In Just 15 Minutes A Day!

JUST MAIL the coupon below. Read my free book. And then give me 15 minutes a day. That's all I ask. I'll prove you can have the kind of body that your friends will admire. There's no cost if I fail!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can flex your arm I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—in double-quick time! I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful; shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION!**" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that changed me from a 97-lb. weakling to the world's champion! Thousands are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. No gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given

body — watch it increase double-quick into solid **MUSCLE**.

"**Dynamic Tension**" is easy! Only 15 minutes a day in your own home. You can use "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute — walking, bending over, etc. — to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**. You'll be using the method which many great athletes use — fighters, wrestlers, baseball, football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book Not \$1 or 10c — but FREE

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) 32 pages, packed with actual photographs, valuable advice. Shows what "**Dynamic Tension**" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 132G 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

Over a foot high! Will be given to pupil who makes greatest physical improvement in next 3 months.

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 132-G 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
 (Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age, check here for Booklet A.

Tell Me What You Want Money For ... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

**EASY TO EARN \$50 TO \$150 AND
MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!**

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else . . . just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

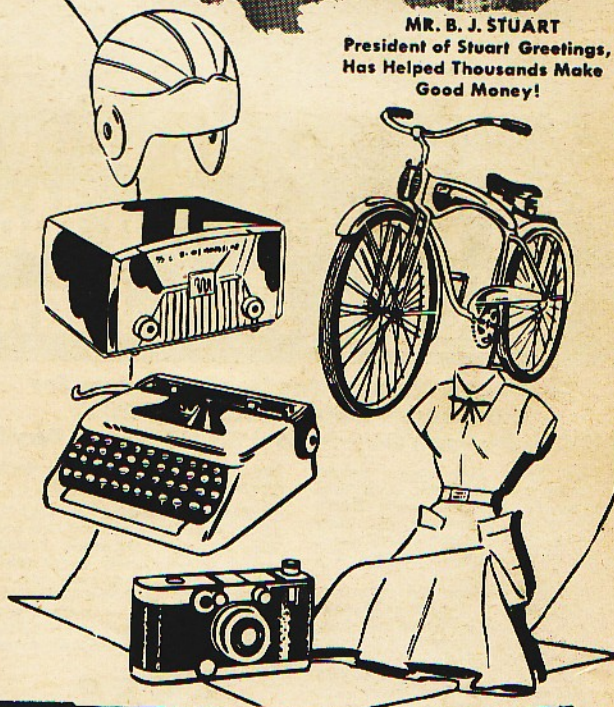
It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of 21 beautiful new Christmas Cards for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really *sells itself*. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings,
Has Helped Thousands Make
Good Money!



RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept. 123, Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL and FREE Personalized Samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

(If for a club, give its name below.)

SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp. Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

I made \$21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them.
C.R.P., North Carolina



STUART GREETINGS,
4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept 123, Chicago 40